

# CHARLES STUART KING,

**C**rownes of Gold with Gemms beſet are vaine,  
H eavenly Crownes of Content are only Gaine:

A shadow is the throne this world affords,  
R iches and Honour are but weights with Cords:

L oading the Princes ſhoulders, who then bare,  
E ach common trouble call's for them to ſhare:

S oul therefore let thy Mediation,

S oar higher for a Habitation:

T reasure up Good's where neither Moch nor Ruſt,  
U ndervalue things that turn to duſt)

A re able to corrupt, that ſo thy heart,  
R ifing above the highth of mans deſert,  
T riumphing may releaſed be of ſmart.

## Arts Chaſt Rule.

**T**ill Arts Chaſt Rule we do approve,  
And all things ſeek to win by Love;

We muſt all miſeries endure,  
Nor Goods nor Lands nor Lives ſecure:

Can we expect, when each day brings,  
New Changes, with new Sufferings:

Wherefore call in, and him Enthroned,  
Who only can lay Claim to th' Crown:

Let not the Towing minds of men,  
Inſult for private intereſts then:

But Tribute give, to whom 'tis due,  
That ſo God Bleſſing may enſue:

Leaſt he o'return, o'return, o'return,  
And many Townes and Cities Burn:

And waſt the Nation to perform,  
His word which ſhall not be forlorn:

Who hath it promiſed to give,  
To whom 'tis due as he doth live:

Therefore his Word do not withſtand,  
But to it's Right reſtore the Land:

By which a Pardon ye may find,  
When to Repentance ye're inclin'd:

That ſo in peace your days may end,  
Which in this world God doth you lend.

We Engliſh men are worſe then *Æſops* Fogs,  
We call'd thoſe Tyrant Kings which were but Loggs:

For when both Peace and plenty fil'd our Nation,  
We not content cry out for Reformation:

Jove ſent us Storks who in ſhort time devour,  
One hundred thouſand Natives by their Power:

This ſtriks us to the heart, and we bethink,  
How to repair our Chains, broak Linck from Linck:

We try a Parliament which doth not pleaſe,  
We make of them a Rump, and yet not ceaſe:

We reform our Generall to a Protector,  
Who turn'd our Rumps and play'd the gallant Hector:

He Parliaments did call, and they did come,  
He turn'd them out and left an empty Room:

Till Jove call'd him aſide by a great Wind,  
Who left us all to grope like thoſe are blind:

For when his Son did take the Royall Throne,  
We cry'd a Log, a Log, and threw him down:

We call'd the Rumps againe we had before,  
Who by a Cipher were turn'd out of doore:

A Safe Committee then did rule the Roaſt,  
Of which we have no reaſon for to boaſt:

Our Rump did Worm them out, and ſat againe,  
Till twice they Roaſted were which work't their baine

At laſt the Parliament of forty-eight,  
began to ſit in th' Houſe in former State:

At their reſiring all the Bells did Ring,  
Much more they will when that we have a King.

FINIS.